Dubliners, Spanish Lady

As I came down through Dublin City, at the hour of twelve at night,
Who should I spy, but a Spanish Lady
Washing her feet by the candlelight
First she washed them,then she dried them
Over a fire of amber coals
In all me life I ne'er did see, a maid so sweet about the soul

Chorus

Whack for the Too Rye Ooh Ray Lady,
whack for the Too Rye Ooh Rye Aye

As I came back through Dublin City at the hour of Half past Eight,
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady,
brushing her hair in the broad daylight
First she brushed it , then she tossed it
On her lap was a silver comb
In all me life I ne'er did see, a maid so fair since I did roam.

Chorus

As I returned to Dublin City, as the sun began to set
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady
Catching a moth, in a golden net.
First she saw me, then she fled me
Lifted her petticoats o'er her knee
In all me life I ne'er did see, a maid so fair as the Spanish Lady

Chorus

Ive wandered North, and I have wonder South
Through Stoney Barter and Patricks Close
Up and around, by the Gloucester Diamond
And back by Napper Tandys' house
Auld age has laid her hands on me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals....
But, there is the love of me Spanish Lady, a maid so sweet about the soul

Chorus x 2